

By Sacred Streams
You Drench



Song 6 By sacred streams, You drench

Psalm 64 (Hear my voice, O God, in my complaint; preserve my life from dread of the enemy. Hide me from the secret plots of the wicked... But God shoots His arrow at them; they are wounded suddenly. They are brought to ruin... The righteous will rejoice in the Lord and take refuge in Him.)

By sacred streams, You drench the thirsty ground,
You probe the soil, make barren lands abound.
All grains You ripen in Your timely grace,
You bless the crops, in harvest's warm embrace.
From heaven's fount, abundance flows apace.

All from Your hand, all from Your hand!
By You alone, all things have come to stand, O Lord our King!
All from Your hand, all from Your hand
By You alone, creation's grand design, our Sovereign King!
In Your decree, the cosmos learns to sing!

With years of good, You crown the circling sun,
Your ways like oil on furrowed paths are run.
In wilderness of flame, Your mercy pours,
You gird the hills with joy that e'er endures.
From driest crags, Your rivers softly lure.

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In pastures green, You fill the flocks with peace,
The vales You robe in golden sheaves' increase.
To threshing floors, You send the gentle rain,
By showers sealed, their bounty You sustain.
Your touch, the sower's hope, the reaper's gain.

The ocean's roar, in tranquil hush You bind,
The tumult's waves, to stillness You confined.
Nations' wild fray, You soothe with sovereign hand,
Dawn's blush and eve's soft gold, at Your command.
In rhythmic peace, Your orchestra expands.

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From heaven's fount, abundance flows apace.

Wondrous works You weave, in terror and in might,
To us, Your just decrees bring endless light.
Our faithful Hope, in whom all souls confide,
In temple's good, our thirst shall be supplied.
From fear to feast, Your glory amplified.

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